Enter Iago.

Caſ Welcome *Iago*, we muſt to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten aclock: our Generall caſt vs thus early for the loue of his *Deſdemona*, who let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She is a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iag What an eye ſhe has?
Me thinkes it ſounds a parly of prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iag. And when ſhe ſpeakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happineſſe to their ſheetes——come Leiutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſie would inuent ſome other cuſtome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: Ile drinke for you.

Caſ. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can faſten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'l be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young miſtris dog:—Noy mw ſicke foole *Roderigo*,
(Whom loue has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward)
To *Deſdemona*, hath to night caroust
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,

(That

(That hold their hon
The very Elements
Haue I to night fluſt
And the watch too:
I am to put our *Caſs*
That may offend the
But here they come
If conſequence doe
My boate ſailes free
Caſ. Fore God t
Mon. Good faith
As I am a Soldier.
Iag. Some-wine
And let me the
And let me the
A Souldier's a
Why then let a
Caſ. Fore heauen
Iag. I learn'd it
potting: your *Dan*
der, (drinke ho,) are
Caſ. Is your *En*
Iag. Why he dri
he ſweates not to ou
a vomit, ere the next
Caſ. To the healt
Mon. I am for it
Iag. O ſweet En
King Stephen
His breeches co
He held 'em ſix
With that he ca
He was a wigh
And thou art
T is pride that
Then take thine
Caſ. Why, this i
Iag. Will you he

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINB